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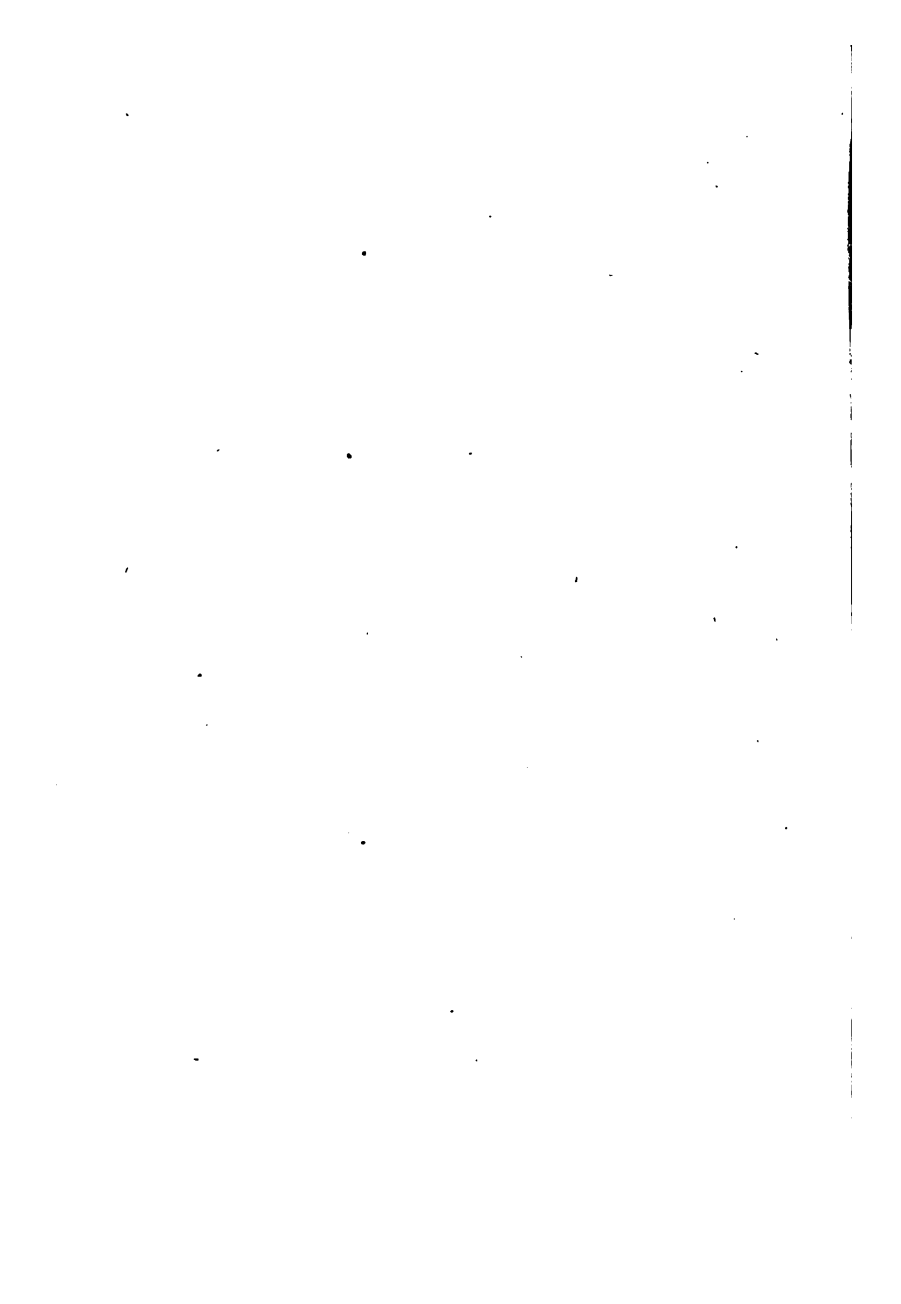
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MAXIMS AND EPIGRAMS.

MAXIMS AND EPIGRAMS.

BY

ORLANDO WRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "CLIFTON GREEN," A POEM, ETC.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."—TENNYSON.

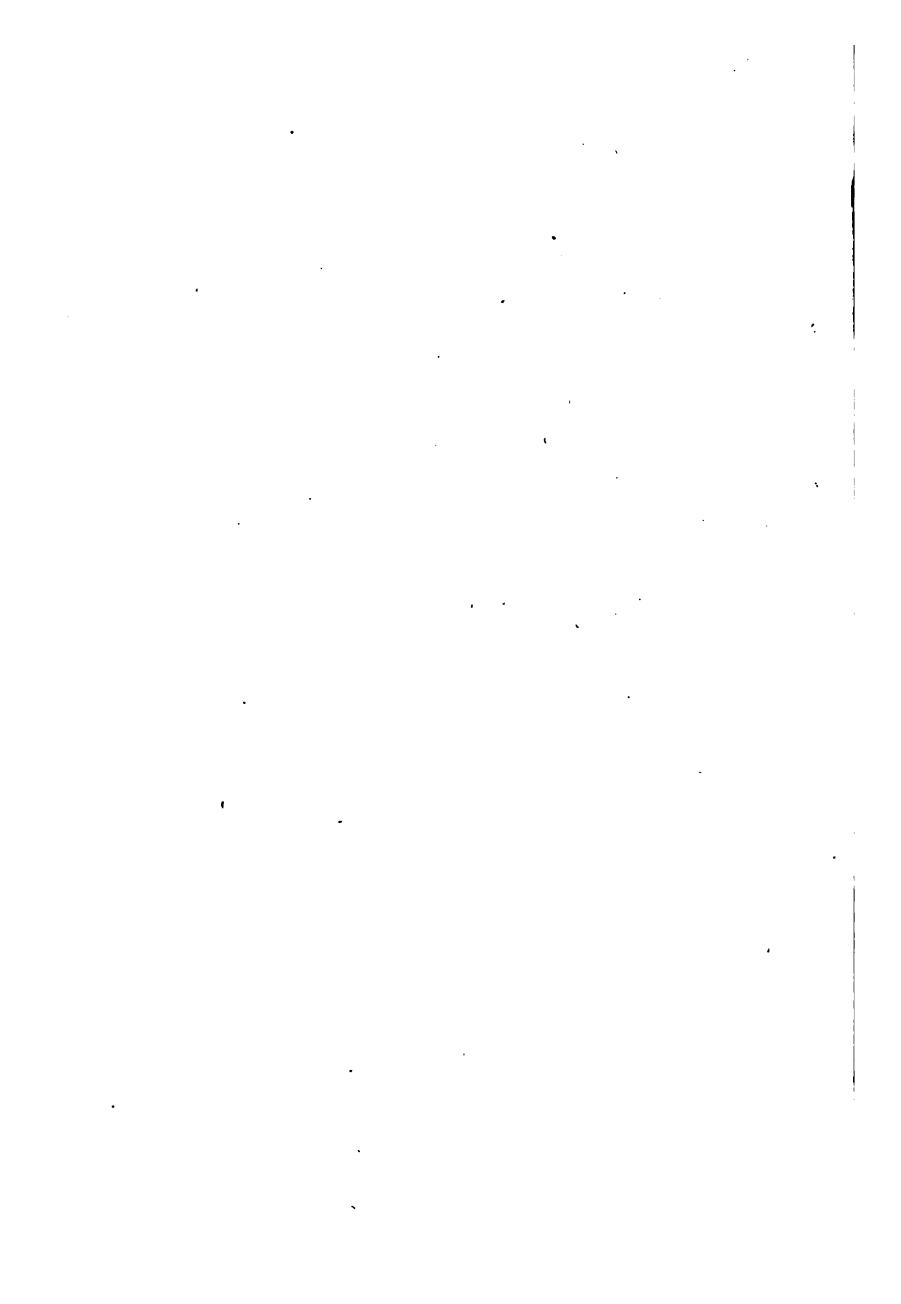


LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1876.

280 . 0 . 105 .



TO
THE RIGHT HON. THE MARQUIS OF LORNE,
THE FOLLOWING ORIGINAL,
BUT UNPRETENDING RESULTS OF HALF-HOUR STUDIES,
AMID THE WHIRL AND WORRY OF BUSINESS LIFE,
ARE, BY PERMISSION,
DEDICATED, BY HIS LORDSHIP'S
MUCH OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

A FORMER work having been most graciously received by many members of the Royal Family, including Her Majesty the Queen, together with the late Emperor Napoleon, I have been influenced to go on digging in my little maxim mine; and, although much of it has been done in darkness, I am hopeful that the passer-by will bestow an encouraging glance.

As a young man, whose hours of leisure are very limited, I would sue for indulgence; and as I declare that my aim is to accomplish a little good, I would respectfully ask to be

permitted to pass through and do it. In the following work I have not attempted classification, thinking that, in its present appearance, it will seem less formal and pretentious.

THE AUTHOR.

MAXIMS AND EPIGRAMS.

DISCOVERY, save unto the blind,
Is God's bright finger in the dark,
That strikes on the illumined mind
A wisdom spark.

WHO keeps his word, his word hath kept, and must :
A broken promise is the tomb of trust.

BIGOTRY'S a pit full deep,
With bottom, top, and centre ;
And nowhere round it hath been found
A place for light to enter.

KINDNESS, like warmest wax, sets firm and cold,
If run not in appreciation's mould.

THE watchful eye with ready glance appears,
When silent cunning pricks the open ears.

EFFRONTERY, like the foolish moth,
By mad desire
Doth often push its callous face
Into the fire.

WHO runneth fast, though followed not by fear,
Should first examine if the path be clear.

MAN'S character, like water in a sponge,
Whenever prest,
Doth quickly prove in what nigh course
It runneth best.

REPORTS are nuts, some bad, and some are prime,
Whilst all are broken by the tooth of Time.

THOSE whom we visit ever keep
In memory's lasting books,
Written, and engraven well,
Our language and our looks.

WHO crieth peace when he hath none to cry,
Offers himself in truth a foolish lie.

A WORD doth often owe its power
To the lip that breathes it ;
A flower is oft a prettier flower
By the hand that wreathes it.

THE wise are simple, and the simple, wise ;
Simplicity is greatness in disguise.

POVERTY, a bony horse
With a ragged bridle,
Gallops off to wretchedness,
Driven by the idle.

VANITY is water, virtue oil,
That ne'er can mix by any care or toil.

HAPPINESS, like friendship's trust,
Should be judged by what it brings ;—
Should be valued more or less
By the source from which it springs.

THE mind that hobbles over common sense
Oft soars in graceful rounds to eminence.

THE light of hope that round our prospect lingers
May be snuffed out by unsuspected fingers.

REBUKE doth show its good effect
In the wise measure that it uses ;
If 'tis too stern it quells respect,—
Too light, then it the object loses.

WHO loseth what he hath, will never find
With clumsy fingers or impatient mind.

ON the wing of our will
We may rise above ill.

POVERTY, though shunned, is often wrought
The while its shadow falls upon the thought.

ANGER hath often to be mixed
With denial, firm and good,
Before 'tis taken by a fool,
Or understood.

EXTRAVAGANCE, with fingers swift and sure,
Makes others rich, ourselves it leaveth poor.

THE heart may flower with virtue yet,
That hath no virtue shown ;
So warm green moss doth often grow
Upon the coldest stone.

ALTHOUGH his silence holds it under,
Each man doth think himself a wonder.

WHAT seems to be full oft is not,
Though it may come with power ;
Pretension is a flying leaf,
And truth a drooping flower.

TO play life's part, beside the brighter sage,
Real, and fictitious fools, crowd every stage.

THE turning downward of a leaf
That hath a spell,
Doth often mean more serious truth
Than it doth tell.

DEBT makes a burden for the back,
Brings trouble to the brain,
And scares away an influence
That ne'er comes back again.

THOUGH blunt be the edge, in time it will cut,
For the broadest wheel doth deepen the rut.

WHO doth a trouble ne'er avoid,
But will begin it,—
Doth always make the loudest noise
When he is in it.

THE bird that in his nest inclines to stop,
Meets with no friend, secures no bit or drop.

CONCLUSION'S door is in the mind,
And Wisdom softly enters there ;
Whilst Folly, choosing to be blind,
Leaps through in spite of pain or care.

DESIRE, though powerless to fulfil,
Moves act, the stronger part of will.

FALSEHOOD, when fearing it may fall,
Behind fresh schemes of cunning hides,
Forgetting that pretences all,
Like prisms, have transparent sides.

THE hungry crow that hath no dish or cup
Follows the plough for what it turneth up.

ONE doth so well his trouble bear,
That had he got a double share
Would speak with voice as pleasant ;
The while another, bearing less,
Doth count his reasons for distress,
And breathes his groans incessant.

THE wound of old offences, long endured,
Is often covered when it is not cured.

CHARACTER from virtue's mint
Buyeth Reputation's treasure ;
And is often held in trust
For a payment made at leisure.

IF virtues were exposed to view,
None would be stolen by the true,
Nor by the bad or vicious ;
The one would have wherewith to boast,
The other, who would need them most,
Would be the least suspicious.

A PLEASANT purpose is the distant goal
That circumstance may place to lure the soul.

No truth is e'er opposed to truth
In any form of terror ;
And should it throw the gauntlet down,
'Tis taken up by error.

FALSE hope, like mimic flower,
Doth mock the sense
With its pretence,
And wasteth time and power.

CROSS-GRAINS expose the secret flaw
In every better tempered saw.

ONE man's bad character doth make
A background dark, whereon there shines
Another's likeness fair and good,
Brought out by virtue's brighter lines.

WILLS, like the streams that madly rush and roar,
Oft carry to destruction all before.

PRIDE is a wren that sings of self,
And o'er its own perfection skims ;
Or 'tis the goose with arching neck
That deep in fancied merit swims.

ONE truth discovered does decide one ;
Who finds a fault will never hide one.

THE soul hath conscience for its eye,
Which, when open, feels the pain
Of sinful thought, whose merest grain
Doth to its clear recesses fly.

BAD influence eats into the heart like rust,
But settles unobserved like summer dust.

HARSH means may drag the mind from its intent,
Which might be won by wiser argument.

MEMORY is the album of the soul,
And life's first pictures, of what sort soever,
Are treasured there ; nor will, nor time's control,
Can move the thoughts that clasp them in for ever.

CAUTION turneth to distrust,
By a secret, sure transition ;
Truth in self will make us just,
Make us wise in our suspicion.

THE stubborn will doth its protection yield,
Like hedge-row thorns that guard the barren field.

A PASSING fear that doth discomfort bring,
Is oft the falling shadow of the thing.

WHAT we may think that some one thinks
About us,
Is being thought, by him who ne'er
Did doubt us.

WHAT we against our better judgment do
Ends in disgrace, in disappointment too.

No humbled true-man with his foe would stay,
Pluck a bird's feather and 'twill fly away.

NOT always wealth can round the ends
Of Trouble's binding fetter ;
Man and gold may be trusty friends,
But man and man are better.

THOUGH virtuous lips of trifling faults complain,
There's many a blot that does not leave a stain.

FRIENDSHIP ne'er lives save in the warmest thought,
But dies with the first chill that may be caught.

THE tear of penitence that flows,
Like the tide, in sweet succession,
A purifying presence shows,
Washing out the worst impression.

LOVE's feeblest fancy far doth rise
Beyond the ken of brutish eyes.

To mortify another's pride
Is oft our aim and boast ;
But failing, we with silent tongues
Are mortified the most.

POLITENESS is the ready garb
Of polished brutes who trust its power ;
But 'tis the home-worn dress of Truth,
And Truth doth wear it hour by hour.

WHO hath desire each secret thing to view,
Should have within his heart some patience too.

LOVE is a plant that ne'er is bought,
That only true affection rears,—
That keeps alive by smiles and tears,
Deep rooted in the constant thought.

WHILE pleasing light from some pure purpose springs,
Shadows oft show the side of meaner things.

ALTERNATIVES have oft the rightful turn
From trouble, wrought with danger or concern.

THE true man treads the truest ways
To reach his goal ;
So shineth through the brightest rays
The sun's bright soul.

VICTORY is 'the lucky thing
That fools do often find ;
But 'tis the pledged reward for him
Who hath the wiser mind.

A PEBBLE turns a wheel from out its course,
A trifle gives the mind its wayward force.

PREJUDICE would often pass

For judgment, that the wise do bring,
Were't not betrayed, like baser coin,
With signs of baseness in the ring.

THE heart that tendeth to uncertain care
Will find a wretched reason everywhere.

WHILST Temptation ties the thread
He who loiters will be led.

MORE foolishness is oft the rule

In doing what 'twere best to shun,
Than there is in the thing when done,
For motives better show the fool.

AFFECTION'S waters in sweet motion heard
Are often poisoned by a spiteful word.

'TWERE best to seize the slanderer,
To break or foil his will ;
But most men shun the serpent
That they could easier kill.

By artifice some minds are caught,
And scarce deserve the branding ;
Others are taken in their thought,
Or from their understanding.

Not all that's seen is all the fact,
Desire is secret spirit-act.

THE simple rule in all things holdeth good,
That he who understands is understood.

As water shows no trace of lifted hoof,
Conviction does not always follow proof.

THE future is a varying flower,
Opening, closing, hour by hour ;
Doth yield the sweet or doth withhold,
Hath hues of silver and of gold,
By our own act is trampled down,
Or withered by another's frown,
Or proves the seed for other time,—
Hope-flowers glorious and sublime.

THOUGH suffering with ourselves begins,
Others must suffer for our sins.

WHATE'ER we do for other eyes to see
Will be repeated when we've ceased to be.

A DIAMOND that resists the flame,
A flower that blooms through every frost,
A life that lives through praise or blame,
Is patient love, that ne'er is lost.

PURE knowledge doth to goodness lead,
And goodness is a road that's freed
From every stumbling-clod ;
And just when it hath broadened out
To where no danger is, or doubt,
Death shows a smiling God.

SELF-WILL creates its burden and its care,
Those it opposes have the smaller share.

A LIE'S black finger often points, forsooth,
In secret ways to many a hidden truth.

THOSE with few words we often hold
As simple, or as surely crost ;
Those with too many we do scold,
As those whose modesty is lost.

WITH present cares the idle never cope,
But live on the delusions spread by Hope.

WE prove our love by loving, not by words,
Just as in woods songs prove the singing birds.

COULD all foretell what next would happen, then
Some would wrong God, themselves, and fellow-men.

IN human kindness is a well,
To which the weary go ;
Whose waters sometimes sparkle deep,
Or sometimes cease to flow.
For, often, when the bowl descends
The fickle fount to try,
There is a sound of friendly splash,
Or every depth is dry.

EMBARRASMENTS will yield to plan and thought,
Nor catch the wise man as the fool is caught.

CHURLS, like the dogs, to mind and matter true,
Grumble at each approach, each exit too.

WHOE'ER doth lie his liberty hath lost,
Bound in by schemes that time can ne'er exhaust.

AN inclination followed, though in fun,
Will always lead to serious actions done.

How often our beliefs are found,
Like flowers on rocks, or mountain heath,
Surrounded by unyielding ground,
And with but small *support* beneath.

OUR interest and our dignity we serve
By prudent silence and by wise reserve.

OUR souls are little brightening orbs,
That come into the sight,
Revolving round and sparkling with
Each other's light.

WHEN perplexed with many answers,
Even from the wise and true,
Ask yourself the question, thinking
The best answer lies with you.

WITH prospect hazardous and brief,
Enough won't satisfy a thief.

WHO bears with follies spite of reason's rule,
Hath in himself the nucleus of a fool.

AGE is a withered life-plant,
Loveliest at its close ;
When on its searèd beauty
The sun of wisdom glows.

A VANQUISHED foe, whate'er his aim or end,
Will be suspected though he prove a friend.

THE waters of the deepest well
Our image would reflect ;
So do the heart's unmeasured depths
Show more than we suspect.

TEMPER, like milk, may, in a varying hour,
Be pleasing, disappointing, sweet, and sour.

THERE are in every little sphere
Capricious dwarfs, and strutting elves,
Who sit on tiny thrones to judge,
Nor know how they condemn themselves.

THOSE whom we please will praise us if decried,
And make whom we have crossed more satisfied.

No pleasure prospers past its best degrees,
Fun press'd too far is sure at last to tease.

THERE'S many a word that's vainly used,
And many a wish unfeeling spent ;
There's more politeness often found
Than sterling truth, in compliment.

To answer questions is the wise man's boast,
But time, in silence, asks and answers most.

THE Devil packs his pillows well
With hard unrest ;
And he doth get the fullest one
Who serves him best.

ENVY doth often take the silent spring,
As often takes the shadow for the thing.

A TEMPER mild 'midst cutting cares
Proves other graces ;
The brooklet sings through prickly briars
To pleasant places.

DEBTS often, like neglected wounds,
In secret lie ;
And, ending in much vain regret,
Do *mortify*.

PUT a sound bottom in a boat
And 'twill, without a pilot, float.

WHO takes no counsels in his dreams
Ere he awakes is sure to err ;
Reproof to fools a dagger seems,
Whilst to the wise 'tis but a spur.

WHERE'ER it fly, whate'er its lot,
The sharper sparrow ne'er is shot.

MISFORTUNES are the turnstiles fixed
Full oft, alas !
Through which determination finds
A way to pass.

AN honest man oft shows his foremost thought,
A wise man doth conceal it as he ought.

To get the help of other hands
The indolent their course excuse ;
'Tis always seen that idle feet
Do slip into the ready shoes.

ENCOURAGEMENT and help must needs be given,
- A nail will often break the while 'tis driven.

THOUGH malice cleave the heart and close it too,
The eye will steal a look at what is true.

FEW men there are with hearts so free,
That have not envy in the middle ;
Who mock the tune, whate'er it be,
That ventures from a neighbour's fiddle.

THROUGH life's strange paths how oft the stately strut
Doth lead into a hovel or a hut.

WE often beat the bush on either side,
Whilst the sharp bird a safer nook has tried.

FEW were our joys if left with any foe,
Alas ! few would be his did we bestow.

THE wise man only findeth, as he may,
That what he saith he still might better say.

'TIS not the humblest of our race
Whose grace must needs be strong ;
A man may be in stature short,
Yet make a shadow long.

To reach a purpose oft, though high or low,
E'en dignity must bend as doth the bow.

ADVICE, like alms, the best impression shows
When dropt with no one near, when no one knows.

THOUGH idle fancy disagrees,
And doubt doth make a sport,
Perseverance is the breeze
That blows the ship to port.

WHILST doubts are danger-signs that angels bring,
False fears oft shape the thought into the thing.

A SECRET may be whispered soft,
Yet loud enough for echoes oft,
And in remotest part
May startle and surprise the ear ;
And bring the mind a sudden fear,
At last to sting the heart.

PASSIONS, when unprovoked, will still prevail,
And what should soothe them first, is first to fail.

SPIRITS unreserved and free
Take but little time to blend ;
Friendship only can begin,
Where formality doth end.

WHATE'ER we do as for the best,
Malignity condemns as worst ;
Motives are always seen the last,
And, therefore, misconstrued the first.

THE knots that in the old block may have been,
Are often in the chips more surely seen.

NOT every state hath circumstance to suit,
For some with brows have little brains to boot.

ALL our past faults might oft forgotten be,
If present failures were less plain to see.

FOLLIES are vices in the bud,
By few discerned, by few suspected ;
And which to fuller ripeness grow,
The longer that they are neglected.

WE bar a thief from many a treacherous toil,
But leave the rust to stain, the moth to spoil.

OUR hopes though venturesome are seldom wreck'd,
Who steers for bliss finds all he could expect.

THE sins that one doth quick in others find,
If seen not in his life are in his mind.

WHO is haughty in his manner
Never stoops to bless,
Whilst his mind makes stately circles
In self-righteousness.

THE changes as they come do make us see
Behind our hopes the change that is to be.

WHATE'ER improbable appears,
'Tis better not to tell ;
For what doth raise the smallest fears
Will move contempt as well.

THOUGH what is done to best results may lead,
The motive oft outvalues all the deed.

THE wavelets o'er the shingles leap,
And in and out the crannies creep,
Light-crested from the ocean,
To teach the grave and sombre mind,
Its depth of care to leave behind,
With many a playful motion.

THE race for wealth that doth at last succeed,
Dependeth more on prudence than on speed.

FOLLIES are cross-roads that from wit's end start,
Trode more through thoughtlessness than want of heart.

IF by respect we wish our memories nurst,
Our noble action must create it first.

THE little loss that we sustain
By being true,
Though buried, proves the seed of gain
That flowers when due.

CONSCIENCE is the ghost whose sudden start
Arrests the mind before it moves the heart.

FEW are our joys compared with those we lose,
And fewer still are those we rightly use.

WE carve our name by daily act
On life's degenerate tree ;
If good, the world won't stay to look,
If bad, 'twill come to see.

CONVICTION'S arrows only reach and smite
The heart that wisdom draws into the light.

SOME climb the hill the landscape round to view,
Nor know that where they stand is landscape too.

BE proud enough for self-respect,
But courteous to all others ;
A man may hold his head erect,
And yet not slight his brothers.

BUT little patience makes a little friend,
With little love a little will offend.

BY the love that others show us,
And the kindness round us cast,
We may gauge their future sorrow,
When we have for ever past.

THE wakened fox outwits the sleeping hound.
An apple may be sour and yet be sound.
There's many a thing that rolls that is not round.
Some birds would fly ere they can hop the ground.

OUR joys are oft from seeds of others' sowing,
Our woes as often traced to our own growing.

CHANCE and bad manners may agree
To give the slight ;
Which, if we feel a second time,
Doth serve us right.



IGNORANCE and independence still
Do meet and mix to make a stubborn will.

No distance from the ocean quells
The constant sighing of the shells ;
And hearts though free from earthly care
Do mourn and murmur everywhere.

THOUGH cautious guilt ne'er makes its presence plain,
A simple stammer may betray the stain.

THE gifts that kindly act bestows,
High up beyond their value rise ;
Whilst gifts of policy are those
Men oft receive, as oft despise.

THE face is formed a dial for the soul,
And looks the fingers that run round it well ;
Conscience and Will the works that move the whole,
Whilst words are sounds each beating thought to tell.

SMALL is his lot who hath the mind to boast,
The half-filled pocket always rattles most.

THE acid dropped upon the brazen coin,
Strips the pretence from off its guilty face ;
And trying circumstances show the eye
How far the life is good, how far 'tis base.

THE blind bird only do the fates allow
To light serenely on the broken bough.

AFTER a frown,
Should a smile begin ;
The sun looks down,
Whilst the night goes in.

A ROGUE, when real, is less brave than sly,
And trusteth to his speed and to his eye.

THE robin thinks that winter comes
To give him larger share of crumbs,
And others to condemn ;
The while the bee and swallow dream
That flower, and spring, and summer stream
Were only sent for them.

THAT danger oft might be deterred,
The brain's fog-signal is a word.

THE pleasant prospect that we see
Through the telescope of Reason,
On the foot of Industry
We shall reach at proper season.

By an oft unconscious plan
Manners do describe the man.

WIT is often a pilot blithe,
Over life's grief to ferry ;
As often it is a dirk or scythe,
As often mad as merry.

WHO judgeth water by the well
Might prove in haste ;
'Twere better if he fain would stop,
And look and taste.

WHAT troubles most the selfish and the sly,
To reach the heart they needs must pass the eye.

WHO'E'R descends into himself
Doth lose his sight ;
Unless his conscience doth take fire
And give a light.

THE highest mind comes lowest oft, for food,
As doth the bird from distant solitude.

WHO steals on tiptoe close behind
Another, as he goeth,
Himself is followed sure and fast,
As some grim shadow showeth.

WHERE there is no proof to see,
Charity the judge should be.

WHO wishes credit for the thing
He ne'er hath had conferred,
May stumble, in his careful thought,
On some betraying word.

NO tears nor language of confession
Can change results of indiscretion.

FORESIGHT is our wiser self
That to the future goes,
And plans, with common sense and skill,
For coming joys and woes.

ALTHOUGH the search may fruitless seem,
A bridge doth somewhere cross the stream.

MANY lights there are to guide us
Lest we stray ;
Many shadows to divide us,
On our way.

A SELFISH man unrighteous is and rude,
And seldom sees the need of gratitude.

To show our wisdom to a fool,
Is like the standing on a stool
To reach a passing cloud ;
To be as wise before the wise,
Endeth in looks of bright surprise,
With each advance allowed.

A DOG is led by either ear,
Or by the leaving of a smart ;
A man is moved by smile or tear,
Or by the touching of his heart.

WHOEVER in our light doth stand,
We see through well ;
But think that what we do to him,
He cannot tell.

WITH plenty in store, and trifling the cost,
A match that is wasted is one light lost.

SWIFTEST arrows reach to nothing,
Shot by aimless souls ;
Idle fancies build and people
Castles in the coals.

VIRTUE grows not by command,
Nor from gifts or prizes ;
He can make it spring and bloom,
Who only recognises.

HE who takes aim with broken arrow,
Will kill his time but lose his sparrow.

UP life's high stairway one ascends,
To learn what yet beyond him lies ;
Up which another also bends,
To hear and see, and to despise.

MISTAKE, like glass that hath a fall,
Looks worse by being patched at all.

HE who proves false with the best aim in view,
Will lose the true successes of the true.

COURAGE is yet a dangerous steed,
Till Judgment gets astride ;
A broken neck awaits the fool,
If he attempt to ride.

THERE'S many an error that no eye would see
Were it not opened by apology.

THROUGH trouble we can often see,
As through the bush before the eye ;
Through which we could as surely pass
If we would try.

WATER reflects the face, in living whole,
As much an action doth reflect the soul.

HAD ignorance no specious mask,
But showed its print when it did roam,
How often would the proudest man
Be found and followed home.

CAUTION should be the drag to each desire,
The foremost wheel is soonest in the mire.

REALISED hope is always taken
As a treasure ;
As wise reproof 'tis sent as often
As a pleasure.

If expedience be the mainspring
Keeping life intact ;
Then its works will lose their value,
Though they prove exact.

WHO hath not much of sharpness in his eye,
With thumb and finger ne'er can catch a fly.

ON the "justice" that we ask for
We do hang our hope ;
But, alas ! if it were given
It might prove a rope.

PLEASURE, a capricious maid,
Must be sought for and obeyed ;
Few find variation ;
Few, to whom her lips do part,
Who may show a doubtful heart,
Or cold appreciation.

LIFE hath been a dangerous street,
E'en where lamps of Reason burned ;
How often now by careless feet,
Are wrong points and corners turned.

CUSTOM gives credence much of doubtful might,
For rules do often vary from the right.

A BLAMELESS man that comes to blame
Can no exception show ;
The shadow of a dove falls black,
Like that of any crow.

THE wrongful act when 'tis committed twice,
Though traced to accident doth spring from vice.

WHAT one performs with thoughtless ease,
Another does by slow degrees,
And persevering pleasure ;
And, in the end, oft makes the boast
Of having thus accomplished most,
With most of pleasing leisure.

OF him the kindred truth, in truth is told,
Who loves the young will venerate the old.

WERE light more lucid it would bleach
The crimson treasures of the peach ;
Were earthly joys still brighter given,
Less sweet would be the dreams of Heaven.

THE eyes of Pity drop the warmest tears
Whilst Imposition whispers in her ears.

HE who doth covet what he sees,
And only sees to crave,
Will lose his conscience by degrees,
And find himself a knave.

WITH all the effort of the hand and mind,
A broken pencil leaves no trace behind.

AS iron into form is wrought,
When snatched from forge in molten heat,
So should resolves, whilst warm with thought,
By action into act be beat.

DISAPPOINTMENTS are the blessings
Sent us in a sharp disguise ;
Much on earth is labelled for us
By the angels in the skies.

WIT, the soul's lucifer, doth best entrance,
Struck by the sudden hand of circumstance.

To climb life's ladder is essayed by all,
Some halt at first, some reach midway, or fall ;
Some higher yet, though Reason bids them stop,
For weakest rounds are often at the top.

COUNSELS, when good, are wisely spent,
Before the touch of chastisement.

WHOE'ER doth cringe whene'er he moves,
Hath joys of shortest term ;
And must be, as his manner proves,
Half serpent, half a worm.

MAN whistles, like the wind, in freer form,
When most unconscious of the coming storm.

THE heart must hope not much from those
Who have not felt its power ;
The soil will always have the seed,
Before it give the flower.

JUST as a train along the rails advance,
Constrained by prearrangement, not by chance ;
So life hath set us on a devious course,
And oft by inclination, oft by force,
We pass through light and shade, as God hath willed,
But stop at last with earliest hopes fulfilled.

THOUGH truth give the grace to the family tree,
A branch may be bent by dishonesty.

WHEN any hold us at arm's length,
'Twere well for them to find
That we at equal distance stand,
In quite an equal mind.

HE who hath merit still hath friendly foes,
Who grip his hand but wish it were his nose

THE human family are trees
Well scattered round about ;
And some with fruit are sure to please,
While others please without.
And some no shelt'ring shadows give,
Though dangers may be rife,
Whilst others, failing how to live,
Make shadows all their life.

A FOOLISH act provokes a fool's concern,
Who is more prone to teach than apt to learn.

OUR judgments we do often try
To pass as coins through all the earth ;
Which Wisdom sees, with half an eye,
Are wanting both in weight and worth.

THOSE without reasons are the rogues we meet,
Who, by a cunning silence, try to cheat.

REFLECTION, mirror of the mind,
Is that which all the vain do pass ;
While they, a smiling cheat to find,
Look long in the reflecting glass.

OUR action does not stop at what we do,
Who drives the horse doth move the carriage too.

TRUTH, like a cork, will upward spring,
Cast in dispute's o'erwhelming wave ;
And will to its own merit cling
When desperate words would never save.

DISTINCTION'S post is sought at every feast,
And to be first is hoped for by the least.

THE judgment of the fool is clearer when
He takes the good advice of other men ;
But all the wise have most of wisdom shown
Who, listening to advice, have ta'en their own.

SMALL is his hope, if hope he hath, perchance,
Who will not move when friendship makes advance.

RICHES are weights from which men seldom rise,
Whilst rags are wings that raise them to the skies.

CONTEMPT, the silent prickly thorn,
That always pierces at the heart,
Is worst from him whom we may scorn,
And hath for us the sharper smart.

DECEPTION stumbles 'neath observant eyes,
And makes the thing look worse for its disguise.

THERE are who only will believe
What 'tis their happiness to see ;
And Faith's bright pinions never cleave
The clouds of possibility.

TIME will, if watched, reveal the certain plan,
That tests the gilded manners of the man.

BAD tempers are the roads on which we slip,
Breathed o'er and frosted by the angry lip.

'TIS fancied merit gives a man his pride,
For he who hath it hath not aught beside.

WHO'D keep his course his horse must scan,
For wheels run easier in the ruts ;
The hand is helped by plot and plan,
The feet are saved by corner-cuts.

PROFICIENCY in act, or thought sublime,
Is only reached along the path of time.

WHEN wealth or pity drop the timely aid,
Woes are relieved which end in woes delayed.

CROSS currents draw the drifting straw,
And break, or hold it under ;
Contention's force drives from their course
The souls it parts asunder.

MISCONCEPTIONS have the deeper stain
Where prejudice and petulance remain.

KISSES are soul-signs so divinely wrought,
That while they give, they raise the loving thought.

CONSCIENCE, like the mouse at stolen meat,
Can always find a place of safe retreat.

THE reed that in the river grows
The tuneful shepherd cuts and blows,
Sweet sounds to waken ;
And many a thing might we possess,
And shape into some happiness,
If 'twere but taken.

THE words that have two meanings, base and good,
Are, by their tones, discerned and understood.

HE is the nearest to his Lord above
Whose heart, although condemning, yet can love.

APPEARANCE may be but an outward dress,
That does not always to the thing belong,
And he who trusts it finds, in his distress,
That what he thought was right, alas! was wrong.

AN upright man blends truth with each device,
And shuns the lie that yields the better price.

THE sun makes many shadows, but in time
Doth clear them off, and sinks in light sublime.

MANY may try, as many do,
To tame the temper of a shrew ;
But all will fail to overcome
Who are not patient, kind, and dumb.

THE wise expect a change in every hour,
And every sunshine but suggests the shower.

THE promise given with a good intent,
May yet be broken by an accident.

To go the road the stream is flowing
Needs but little care in going ;
To go in opposite direction
Shows both courage and reflection.

To pass a friend with but the waving hand,
Is a small sign he's sure to understand.

THE past, the present, and the time to be,
Hath brought, will end our opportunity.

ONE nail will hold two planks ; one word well sent
Will clench a many-sided argument.

SELF-INTEREST if not watch'd will make the mind
Envious, sly, suspicious, and unkind.

A MAN may little courage boast,
Yet bravely act should dangers fall ;
Whilst he, the hero of a host,
Might flee his shadow on a wall.

WE cross ourselves full oft when we are crost,
Whilst in the darkened course our hopes are lost.

RESISTANCE is in everything
That we break asunder ;
Much that comes beneath our feet,
Flies, or creeps from under.

THOUGH genius wing the soaring thought,
By common sense 'tis often caught.

ALL things betray neglect, and must,
E'en iron writes it down in rust.

FEW draw aside the pitying glance
Who cry at every trivial smart ;
Whilst silent thought is full of praise,
For him who hath the braver heart.

WHEN skill and patience fail, 'tis plain to see
That God Himself decrees it shall not be.

THE bird that hath a beauteous wing,
May have no pretty song to sing.

THE man who doth a business ply,
No matter how his watchful eye
Or careful hand may move,
Will find some patron full of whim,
Harshly resolved on leaving him,
More luckless wights to prove.

WHAT'S writ on paper and consumed by flame,
May in its ashes oft be read the same.

AN honest man to true success succeeds,
And finds his fortune lie beyond his deeds.

MEN are the coins that God doth send
To circulate below ;
Whose image wears by slow degrees,
Or doth but little show.

WHATE'ER we leave half done, some one will find
As idle fault, or failure of the mind.

THE bridge across despair and doubt
Is always hid from sight ;
And every foot that finds it out
Is led by reason's light.

UNCONSCIOUS looks are always free from guile,
So shines the virtue in a baby's smile.

REPOSE into her still domain
May many captives take ;
But somewhere, full of peace or pain,
There's somebody awake.

AN accusation sometimes stings the ear,
But whispers nothing to awaken fear.

THE man who has the smaller wit,
May be so skilled in using,
That wiser men opposing it
May find it most confusing.

EACH tree with spreading branches seen,
Doth many rays of sunshine screen
 From some pale plant near springing ;
And many men there are who thrive
Whilst others barely keep alive,
 And only live by clinging.

MUCH of misfortune would outlive its curse,
Sustained by thoughts that somewhere it is worse.

To trust to chance for what may never come,
Is waiting for the voices of the dumb.

WHERE hope is wanting, effort ne'er succeeds,
A shining promise moves successful deeds.

THE lily that lives in the valley,
 And the rose that blooms on the tree,
Should yet, in their life so delicious,
 Make up a sweet lesson for thee ;
The lily, untended, is pretty,
 And happy and pure beside ;
Whilst the rose is caressed into blushes,
 And, therefore, knows nothing of pride.

SLANDEROUS tales have a vicious spell,
But those never listen who do not tell.

FOOLS have to turn their wits about
To see a thing when pointed out.

By the limit of discernment,
We prevented are from knowing
Who to gain our love are coming,
Who despise it and are going.

HOPE is the seed of act, and, silent springs
To budding thoughts that ripen into things.

THE brook that babbles always shows its bed,
And is through all the shallow courses led.

LOOKS, like the lamps that flood the night,
Often show unconscious light.

HE with a fault doth see a fault
Ere others find it;
And, showing it to many, thinks
He hides behind it.

OUR inmost hopes can ne'er more numerous be
Than the endeavours which the world doth see.

COUNSELS should fit into the case,
As plugs fit in the hole ;
Or that might enter unawares,
Which would o'erturn the whole.

WE laugh at much that does our fancy hit,
But 'tis its way much more than 'tis its wit.

WHOSO a visit to his soul doth pay,
Is neither pleased nor flattered by the way.

AS compasses divide, with yielding joints,
So thoughts may stretch, and yet have kindred points.

ASSUMED respect is the veneer
Of smile, or word, or what may chance ;
And though it last a month or year,
'Tis stripped by smallest circumstance.

CARELESS thought in ease exults,
Comes and goes in sudden seasons ;
And doth look for chance results,
Whilst 'tis blind to all the reasons.

THE balance held by falseness may deceive,
But to its scale some unseen weight will cleave.

WHO hath built castles in the air hath found
His chances past to build on solid ground.

HE who doth pry
Must needs be sly.

DECEPTION, like the frost on glass,
Hath oft some small transparent hole
Through which the searching sight may pass
Into the secret of the soul.

PLEASURES, like flowers that in wild nooks do grow,
Full often tempt where 'twould be death to go.

WHO hath free thought and careless word
Should always have the ready sword.

PROFESSIONS are like figures, thoughtful seated,
Always doing what is ne'er completed.

PLEASURE follows earnest care,
With her brows with laurel deck'd ;
'Tis our duty to prepare,
And our privilege to expect.

THE flower of friendship varies in its hue
By heat or cold, by many smiles or few.

WHO sees the past in satisfaction's light
Hath missed too many shadows to be right.

THE bird that robs another's nest
The while 'tis left alone,
Might well expect, on his return,
Some bandit in his own.

BLEMISH is hid, save where the light is thrust,
But one small ray shows many clouds of dust.

HE may love least who best can trace
The beauty of the heart and face ;
He may love most who sees in them
Much to admire, much to condemn.

DESIRES, like brooks, do rise beyond control
When congregating in a shallow soul.

AMBITION is the soul's ethereal wing,
With which it soars to destinies sublime ;
Or 'tis the barque that would rich treasures bring,
Shattered or wedged between the rocks of time.

FORTUNE is found wherever preferred,
Every tree hath a branch for a bird.

IMPERFECTIONS soonest seen are worst,
And by the weak are always copied first.

FOLLY is a bird with venturing wing,
Whose friendliest scarecrow would be suffering.

THE shadows on the path of life
Are worst from lies,
In most of which the devil's face
We recognise.

LIKE lamps, when lit, our cheerful looks should fall
ON those *beneath* us, those around, and all.

RESOLVE succeeds not, whilst the effort may,
But those who lose their wit will lose their way.

OUR reputation is an idol fair,
Carved out by other hands with pleasing care,
And placed in view on Admiration's throne,
From which, with Slander's secret breath, 'tis blown.

WHERE selfish thoughts no ruling power can boast,
Participated pleasures please the most.

THE little knowledge some possess
But brings their ignorance to light ;
The star which through the cloud may press
Doth show the darkness of the night.

TROUBLE, like breath upon the window pane,
Shuts out the better prospects that remain.

SOME roads to usefulness lie half concealed,
As doth the path along a harvest field.

ONE bird would never bend the bough,
Though it might ne'er forsake it ;
The while another, half the weight,
In hopping down might break it.

HE who may tempt in order thus to try,
Hath slipped himself, unknown to any eye.

THE straightest road full often leads
To crooked purposes and deeds.

AS foremost parts are furrowed first,
So forward manners share the worst.

CULTURE, like paint, the outward part improves,
Covers each deep defect, but ne'er removes.

MONEY may bid dread hunger's wolf,
With ready fangs, elsewhere to roam,
But cannot fence the hearth from ills,
Or bribe sweet peace to any home.

THE vilest wretch that slips from mortal ken
Doth leave some soul to wish him back again.

THE dust of self-conceit doth rise
In blinding clouds to humblest eyes.

MUCH of duty leaveth duty
From the difficulties spread ;
But the weakness oftener lieth
In the heart than in the head.

THE disposition shows the act at hand
Before the mind has purposed or has planned.

THOUGH in its face the sharp result may blow,
With the mad wind the smoke is sure to go.

THOUGH Industry and Thrift together dwell,
Fortunes are oftener made than managed well.

THERE is no corner that we turn,
But we an absent friend may greet ;
Or, unprepared, fall in the arms
Of him we ne'er had hoped to meet.

ONE virtue found shows more to find ;
The courteous are always kind.

MANY lose by indiscretion,
Many, too, by their excess ;
But the thoughtful and the frugal
Having nothing, still possess.

HE who may hope for what he does not strive,
Would be well off did common sense arrive.

THOUGH different ends to different aims appear,
A purpose oft unites the jest and jeer.

THE slave of passion for one guilty hour
Had best been born the abject slave of power.

'TIS strange our memory can't detect
Our fault, not doing what is due ;
And passing strange, we recollect
What others may forget to do.

WRINKLES are ruts, some simple, some sublime,
All made in silence by the wheels of Time.

COWARDS are brave before a coward foe,
And mock the hero in the shams they show.

THOUGH bad thoughts are hard to banish,
Yet like snowflakes in the river,
They would drop into oblivion,
If the *wish* would but deliver.

THE symptoms of regret we see
Are often proofs of policy.

WHEN petty faults are hunted down
By any noble man and wise,
'Tis like a giant with his hand
Stretch'd up a wall to catch the flies.

A LITTLE knowledge may distort a fact,
Whilst fancy, dreaming, may be more exact.

THE wisdom of our life depends
In its straight course 'twixt left and right ;
In steering with our foes and friends
Alike in sight.

CONVICTIONS are like footprints, damaged still
By being deepened without thought or skill.

LANGUAGE—a bag in which we careless dip,
While readiest words are those that stain the lip.

INDUSTRY a wall of pleasure
Often builds, and seldom fails ;
'Tis so high in God's good favour,
Poverty but seldom scales.

THE cunning turn that cunning souls may try,
Is always noticed by the cunning eye.

RIGHT always rules, no law of nature swerves,
And man must get whatever he deserves.

OFF, what we might have by fetching
We leave alone ;
Contented with the thought uprising
That 'tis our own.

A SIXPENCE used with judgment doth more good
Than e'en a sovereign spent without it would.

THE civil tongue saith more than it may seem,
And, quenching wrath, commands the warm esteem.

How often that below our aims,
Which hath but little thought at most,
Had better be considered more
Above our privilege to boast.

EXTREMES, when bound by what a fool can see,
But seldom stretch into uncertainty.

THE branch may glitter with the dewdrops most
That hath no flower or ripened fruit to boast.

REASONS are often given, with proofs behind,
That do not always lodge upon the mind.

Two souls, like two far mountain peaks,
May closer seem than what is true ;
Both fault and feeling may divide,
As stream and valley often do.

UNTIMELY visits, with the best pretence,
Are sure occasions of a fast offence.

WORDS, like the ticking of the clock that stands,
Are nought without the moving of the hands.

A SMILE will fell a foe, and winning through,
Do more to *raise* him than aught else would do.

'TIS not the simple argument
That is easiest to refute ;
Whilst friendship oft hath lost its life
In the duel of dispute.

DOUBTS, like the fogs, that often intervene,
Close out from seeing eyes what might be seen.

WHATE'ER to man's advantage seems to be,
Seldom escapes his watchful memory.

COULD quick and dead on land and in the sea,
With those who have the far-off planets trod,
Be born into one being, it would be
A grain of moving dust compared with God.

NONE can be wise, or good, or great,
Who first refuse to imitate.

OPINIONS of the meddling few,
Like thorns beneath the crushing heel,
Or blades of grass before the steel,
Contempt doth visit with their due.

SIGNS follow sins, and guilt by fear is track'd ;
Whilst peace, the fence, surrounds the righteous act.

As powder answers to the flame,
With lurid look and fatal sound ;
So blaming words to words of blame
Cry out, and spread distress around.

WHEN fear condemns, hope sends a smiling cheat
To steal the trouble, lest it bring defeat.

SORROW is a cypress tree
That ceases soon to grow
When the breath of sympathy
Doth through its branches blow.

A MAN may speak wise words and seem exact,
Yet drift unconscious to the foolish act.

LIES, like the ships, but seldom straightly steer,
And where they stop reflect their presence clear.

THE simplest minds deem others less acute,
And so despise whenever they dispute.

SEVERITY might scare a sin
Which only care could quell ;
The breath that blows out all the flame
Doth blow it back as well.

ALTHOUGH the mirage charm the lingering fear,
No course can e'er be straight that is not clear.

To laugh at our own wit, whate'er it be,
Convinceth others of its rarity.

SMALL doings make the loudest noise,
And in it trust ;
Or lose themselves in tiny clouds
Of their own dust.

To follow wise men, in each thing they do,
Would make us guilty of their follies too.

COURAGE when weak degenerates to fear,
If 'tis too strong it foolish doth appear.

To be too forward we offend and tease,
To be too backward we can never please.

ASK not alms of the proud in private,
With none to see ;
Or a lie, a frown, or refusal,
Are sure to be.

A FOOL to make a difference clear
Is witty when a fool is near.

THE prudent when they make a blunder,
And 'neath it fall, do creep from under.

A STERN 'demeanour holds the mind in thrall ;
A gentle one secures, but wins withal.

SMALL is the fortune when 'tis land or gold ;
Beauty and truth are worth it forty-fold.

SWALLOWS that skim the shining lake,
In seeming frolic, deftly take
Some little life away :
So men can pass in pleasing guise,
Can baffle and deceive the eyes,
Whilst virtues are their prey.

REPROACH would fail where winning words are lost
No single spark can move a settled frost.

BY him who boasts this lesson still is taught—
He hath what he deserves not, or hath nought.

THE stepping-stones to fortune may be seen
With smooth fronts raised above life's fitful waves ;
Some safely step them, others fall between,
And, whilst they seek for pleasures, find their graves.

ANOTHER'S joy, if past a fool's degree,
Is tossed into the fire of jealousy.

THE lark flies aloft,
And is hopeful, oft,
Of reaching a point that is higher ;
But finds it is best
To return to its nest,
For danger doth follow desire.

THE stumbling-block to choice, whate'er it be,
Is not so treacherous as variety.

If aught be certain in uncertain dreams,
It is the certain truth, nought certain seems.

THE worst occasion sometimes will inspire,
An ass's heel can raise the spark of fire.

RAGS may be proofs of poverty,
That care can seldom cure ;
But he toils most to cover all
Who owns not he is poor.

WHAT are to purposes most fatal seen,
Are the delays, that loiter long between.

MANY a wrong conclusion comes,
If we trust excitement's flush ;
But we're near our neighbour's fault
When we ever make him blush.

MUCH may be said on either side, forsooth,
Sound reasoning does not always sound the truth.

WE oft turn back, with the forgetful smile,
For what we find at last not worth the while.

A MAN repeats himself for many reasons ;
So, in their varied moods, do all the seasons.

IF 'tis the doubtful only that we test,
How sore deceived we may be with the rest.

WHO stops to think, and then to falter,
May lose his love in sight of altar.

NOT all we know,
But what we show,
Doth shape our lot ;
And further yet,
What we forget,
What we do not.

OUR duty oft is clearer to the view
Than is the rugged way it leadeth through.

OLD customs, like old people we behold,
Often grow simple whilst they're growing old.

THE sides of gravity, in sober dress,
Are tickled by the hand of foolishness.

IMPULSE is the soul's full tide,
Warm in wish and strong in strife ;
Washing up wild purposes
To the harbour bar of life.

BETWEEN two points, that claim inspection,
Should be space for calm reflection.

ALL that we do, though rightly,
There's something dark enshrouds ;
Who'd be above suspicion
Must be above the clouds.

REASON, half frowning, oft withdraws,
Whilst fancy holds an idol high ;
The heart can feel without a cause,
Can worship when it knows not why.

MUCH longer we appear to be
In reaching what we plainly see.

WISDOM is the mind's good bank,
And of golden interest sings ;
Which it offers to the world,
From its own depositings.

OUR own opinion, though we to it cling,
Doth alter not the truth of anything.

A RESTLESS mind doth tire, and goad,
To nothing higher :
Impatience lengthens out the road
To each desire.

WHO for some gain, doth falsely swear
Another's name away,
Hears, 'mid the hum of every voice,
What conscience hath to say.

SUCCESSFULLY to cross life's troubled main,
We must be strong in heart and clear in brain.

THE light of warning fast succeeds
Another's dark or dangerous deeds.

MUCH of life that we do live
Makes us in the end to fret ;
Better 'tis to get to give,
Than it is to give to get.

WHILST many a silent thought doth well condemn,
The withered grape clings fastest to the stem.

WE blot our characters the most
With the ink of disposition ;
And the careful scratching out
Brings or deepens some suspicion.

A MAN'S best sign, though many more be near,
Is the bright springing of a silent tear.

THE path we choose to tread ourselves,
Whene'er we roam,
May be a long way distant from
Another's home.

AS the ivy hides the oak,
That the eye scarce sees behind ;
So do manners well assumed
Hide the gnarled and knotted mind.

OUR self-respect in readiest way we prove
By what we think of those that round us move.

THE steps we take our secret plans to try,
Are listened to by dogs that round us lie.

NONE the worse are we
For what folks say ;
From what they *know to be*,
Alas ! we may.

MANY prayers, like ostrich wings,
Never with their burdens rise ;
Whilst 'tis only noise that rings
Up into the distant skies.

WHO kills a fly
That ventures nigh,
To pass a minute,
Would lose the chance
Of some advance,
When he could win it.

WHAT we think accidents to life and limb,
Are signs from God that we should follow Him.

WHO hath not with his hands and head
His fortune made, but cometh to it,
Oft squanders, gives to knaves, instead
Of those in *need*, to help them through it.

THE candle ta'en through opening door
Must have some spreading hand before,
To guard and keep its flame ;
And modesty, to meet the strife
Of sudden seasons, opening life,
Should have a shield the same.

NE'ER is an orange near its outward size ;
So many a thing looks big by covering lies.

OBSERVANT eyes and willing hands
Remove the trouble,
Which, unperceived, full often stands
Till it is double.

SMALL is the purpose if the mind be small,
For thoughts of self arise, and cover all.

WHO hath another's proof to bring
Might leave his own ;
'Twill satisfy, and show the thing
That is not shown.

TWO roads there are in death, that lead away
Into the darker night or brighter day.

THE *hand* that feeds the raven wild,
Will give the servant food ;
But he may look for fattest things
Who'll show most gratitude.

THE idle bird, self-troubled and distressed,
Would hide the branch that might have held a nest.

AS easy 'tis to know a fool
As 'tis to view him ;
One side-glance sheweth where he sits,
And seeth through him.

THERE'S many a hill, that half-way up
Its summit hides ;
There's many a trouble half-way through
No sign provides.

THE more of evil that our acts expose,
The more we look for friends among our foes.

THE lark, that soars the highest of the birds,
The simplest sweetness, humblest woodland words.

WHO sees a clod, ne'er takes the pains
To think about or count the grains ;
Yet there are always many
Who, over things not more sublime,
Perplex their thought and waste their time,
And brains, if they have any.

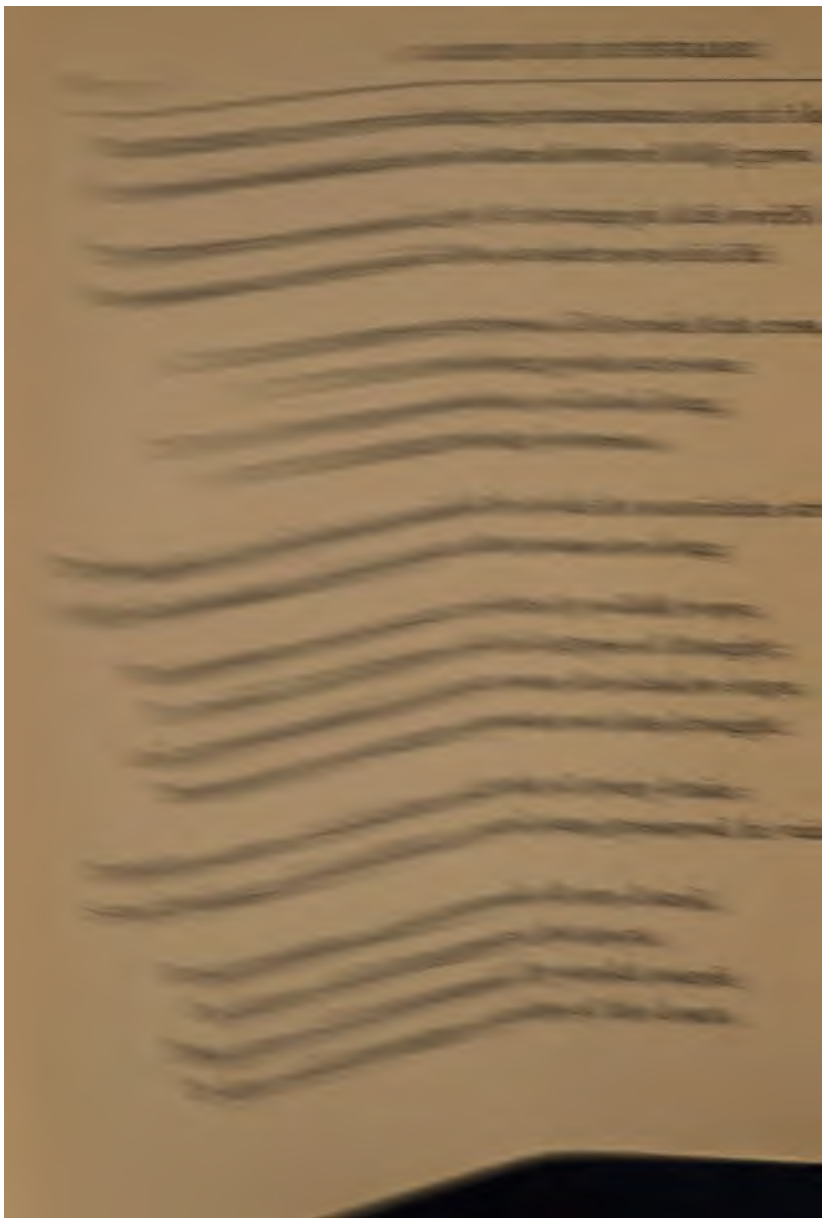
THE step we take to our desires
None would condemn,
If but the thought that most inspires
Were caught from them.

WORDS have their meanings uttered in the sound,
Looks their significance in glancing round.

A MAN'S bright parts like diamond rays,
Are seen the best in shaded ways,
Or when the night appears ;
And through the mists of fear and doubt,
His goodness clearly shineth out,
And gems his tears.

A DAY, though short, important is,
The tomb of many destinies.

THOUGH much be told by each promiscuous slip,
The fault is sooner found by fellowship.



LIFE is a riddle, that is sent from far,
And, in this world, we the best answers are.

GOOD things only partly done,
With successful end denied,
Better are with nothing won,
Than if nothing had been tried.

LIKE the river we do go,
Winding round or creeping low ;
Till the Spirit's gathering force
Leads us in a broader course.

THERE'S many a laugh in which we take a part,
Unconscious that it sounds from sorrow's heart.

LIFE by many a bridge is spanned,—
Forgiveness, kindness, and regret ;
Whilst at the selfish side of each
Is where too many loiter yet.

A MAN'S good portrait ugly seems, and rude,
If hung in the wrong light the while 'tis viewed.

WARY we should be, but wise,
Danger in suspicion lies.

TRUE friends are not always nigh
With assistance ;
E'en our shadows follow us
At a distance.

FOOLS with their chances part, as men with men,
No more on life's rough road to meet again.

NOT always he whose cause is good
Can trace his project to success ;
But oftener finds approval bless
The thing he'd own not if he could.

WHO first dissolves in sentiment,
And feels the good he sees,
Hath yet a heart that can be hard,
A bosom that can freeze.

To blight conviction when 'tis taking root,
A lie is oft the last of a dispute.

LIFE is a boat that none can steer
Through men's opinions girt with rocks,
Without the fast intrusive fear
Of silent wrecks, or sudden shocks.

THE pardoning act that pity doth perform,
Reforms more wrong than rigour could reform.

THOUGH fewer shadows may ourselves o'ertake,
We stand in much more light than we can make.

THERE'S joy in sweet remembrance,
Perchance we're followed thus ;
But not a moment passes
But some one thinks of us .

WE tax our skill when we affect
Not to be affected ;
And lose ourselves in losing thought
Of what's expected.

A MAN may be as shallow and as cool,
Withal perspicuous, as an April pool.

POETRY'S in beauteous whole,
A dewdrop, that reflects the soul.

TIME is a mellowing golden light,
God's bright decree ;
Each moment wasted throws its shade
Along eternity.

CONVERSATION is a golden dish,

Where spirits meet with brightened brows to sup ;
On which is laid whate'er the mind may wish,

Whilst each doth take a cheering portion up ;
Knowledge, fresh garnished by sweet Virtue's hand,
And ripened sentiments strong hearts collect ;
Some dropped in haste, some bound by memory's band,
All in the light that shines from intellect.

THE braver heart would any torture know,
Save the contempt directed by a foe.

THE opportunities of all
Chiding spectres do appear,
When the night of age draws near,
And its shades begin to fall.

OUR lives should one long lasting moral be,
Pointed by truth, preserved by purity.

OUR hairs by God are numbered,
And treasured still ;
Our neighbours count our follies,
And ever will.

WITH favour shown the good would better be,
The bad much worse, the proud more plain to see.



DISAPPOINTMENTS are the life shades,
Slanting from hope's spreading tree ;
Which, at most, do only cover,
What 'tis best we should not see.

WE see in children's eyes, where pleasure stays,
The calm clear sunshine of our yesterdays.

A GENEROUS man hath following him,
His own especial knave,
Who only hath to touch his brim
To get what he may crave.

THOUGH little signs escape the watchful eye,
The first one cut will be the first to cry.

A WASP may hide in any flower,
But common sense will give the power
Whereby to shun ;
And he who sees it, yet will touch,
Deserves not to be pitied much
When he doth run.

WHO in his pain most comfort sees,
Is always happiest in his ease.

TO-MORROW is the wheel of time,
 'Neath which a vow, when rash, is broken :
But when 'tis false, a careless word
 Always doth supply the token.

AN argument must, like a staff, be sound,
Or what it doth support falls to the ground.

WHO'E'R repeats all he doth hear,
 Thinking each strange concoction prime,
Unconscious tells the secret lie
 A second time.

WHILST obedience answers quickly .
 Even to a nod ;
He who profits not by reason
 Will not with the rod.

BAD advice is often heard.
Ruin wrapped in thoughtless word.

CONTEMPT is honest, and is firm,
 And strong doth feel ;
And often sees the *thing* a worm
 Beneath it's heel.

WHILST tones of utterance may the meaning mar,
Approving smiles rewards in sunbeams are.

WHO humbler is the better will become ;
The least are noisy and the greatest dumb.

PREJUDICE, an evil spirit,
Whispers in the ears of all ;
And there's none that it remembereth,
That it does not wish to fall.

WHIMS are the points whereat we differ first,
And where we're oft the weakest and the worst.

WELL-TEMPERED will a man be found,
Who, like good steel, can always bend ;
Who shoots no arrow but is sound,
And aims it at a noble end.

'Tis often that by strong desire
We may into a fault be led :
He who may have his heart on fire,
Should have cool judgment in his head.

WHO doth forgive, by thought and feeling driven,
Hath for himself the least to be forgiven.

EACH breeze that stirs should move a ready sail ;
Chance may succeed where best design doth fail.

MANY a word is heard and lost
Ere its echo rises ;
Often doth the ear accept
What the heart despises.

WITH hand unfettered, and with spirit free,
He will be beaten who expects to be.

NOT always clearest to our mind
Is that on which the truth hath shone ;
And oft we drop what we may think
We have the firmest hold upon.

THE surest pitfall is, what all may dread,
Truth in the heart, and error in the head.

FROM each bird we pluck a feather,
Living still as selfish elves ;
Yet our best and softest pillow
Is not what we make ourselves.

BEFORE we follow others we should halt,
For common practice may be common fault.

MOTIVES are hard to find,
E'en with an act to scan ;
But what is in the mind,
Steals out into the man.

WHO copies much will copious be,
Save in originality.

A DROP, though taken from a drop,
Doth leave it whole :
So thought is often drawn from thought,
And soul from soul.

THE light that floods the open mind,
Oft seems to penetrate, and blind.

THOUGHT is a mirror true
The heart doth lend ;
In which, full-formed, we view
Our distant friend.

HYPOCRISY, a veil of schemes,
Woven by the wiles that rise,
Is fastened round the fawning life
By the blacker thread of lies.

'TIS what we are, and not what we have been,
That gives our life the light in which 'tis seen.

A LITTLE meanness doth the greatest mar ;
But kindness makes us greater than we are.

RESPECTERS of a favoured few,
E'en the respected may suspect ;
Whilst slighted ones, suspicious too,
Abominate what they detect.

THE good man holds his hand and heart
Under a wise control ;
And is a life-throb strong and warm
Deep in the city's soul.

HAD we to count our many steps,
And make inspection,
But few should we incline to take
In wrong direction.

THE breath of calumny so cold
Doth many changes bring ;
Icing over in its course
Affection's purling spring.

TEARS are the rain-drops that are oft allowed
To drop unnoticed e'en from sorrow's cloud.

OPINIONS thrust on the opposing mind,
Like words in wax that drop into the fire,
Whate'er their worth, leave no result behind,
But perish in the warmth of their desire.

WHO kills his time for any end,
Finds he hath killed his truest friend ;
Whose ghost he may expect to see
Stare at him in eternity.

LIFE is a thicket, to be found, and crost,
In which we're seen, and spoken to, and lost.

THOUGHTS are fragments of the brain,
Which, by heaven-appointed laws,
Flash and glitter more and more
By the friction time doth cause.

WET days are drizzly shrouds,
In which our hopes are laid,
O'erhung by little clouds
Our fears have made.

THE heart is weakest when it overflows,
And always tells its secrets with its woes.

WHAT we do that is not true,
There is still an eye to see :
Folly's flame burns quickly through
Any web of secrecy.

THE changeful thought, that changes to the last,
Proves the sure mould where future lies are cast.

THE man who does not get his due
At any door,
Is strongly tempted, when he can,
To snatch at more.

WHO cheats the unsuspecting,
Yet seemeth true ;
Will find the unsuspected
Are cheating too.

E'EN a blind man often shows,
By melancholy,
That he hath an eye that sees
His act of folly.

UNCULTURED minds the harsh and sweet confound ;
Sound is not music though it makes a sound.

FORTUNE is a ship that glides
Pleasantly along ;
But which suddenly divides
The rocks among.

BLUSHES sometimes as they rise
Do the pretty mind exalt ;
But are oftener shades that spread
From the overhanging fault.

WHO takes the things that chance may send,
Nor thinks of source, of use, or end,
Nor cares to have the care,
Is sure to get what he'd exchange,
Did his short sight extend its range
Unto another's share.

A GARDEN walk the garden may divide ;
Yet beauteous flowers may grow on either side.

BETTER 'tis to seem defeated,
By the clearest rule,
Than to lose both time and temper
Arguing with a fool.

WHO doth at his own shadow start,
May on some guilty errand be ;
For in himself to see himself,
Makes him to think that others see.

TRUE wisdom no assertion makes,
Unthinking, planned,
Unless it knows some silent proof
To be at hand.

'TIS best to watch our words and be sincere ;
We know not who may have an open ear.

How many human flowers that gem
The quiet nooks of humble life,
Would yield us nectar for its strife
Had we the thought to seek for them.

WHO would have purity of heart,
In understanding must be wise ;
For much doth enter of the *worst*,
To govern in the *best* disguise.

A GOOD intention is an act
That's half performed ;
But which delays stunt during birth,
Then leave deformed.

ONE bright hope will chase the shadows
From the spirit's sky,
E'en when they do gather thickest
To the outward eye.

SILVERY words are often
The deceitful sound
Of the heart that's worthless,
And iron-bound.

'TIS little that the mind has got to show,
When fancy flies where reason cannot go.

A SWEET report is made more sweet
By coming from a distant place ;
So is a smile more sweet with smile
When brought on the long absent face.

THE mind that's happy in its lowliest lot,
That sings of sunshine where the sun is not,
That snatches joy from what is torn away,
Will, in its morrow, find a brighter day.

FEW do despise what they excel with ease ;
'Tis what is past their reach that does not please.

THE cooing of an infant seems
The telling of its pretty dreams ;
The last sweet gush, that is to be,
Of the sweet cherub-poetry.

ORIGINALITY in fools
Is what we hate the most ;
And often wish, from sense of fear,
That they had none to boast.

THOUGHTS, when good, are soul-stars, showing
How much light within is glowing.

WE the worst reason do betray
When reason won't be reasoned in :
When ignorance is in the way,
No thought can pass, no word can win.

THE road to ruin often lies
Full straight between the heart and eyes.

THOSE who destroy for mischief's sake,
Can ne'er themselves on much depend ;
Whilst he who hath the will to break,
Will never have the skill to mend.

THE world is a many-eyed spy, as we find it,
And though it seems sleeping, 'tis somewhere awake ;
The dust of deception is blown, but won't blind it,
No matter what caution the cautious may take.

A FOOLISH act seems solemn in the night ;
A solemn one seems foolish in the light.

A WISE man loathes the flatterer's voice ;
But opinions, good and true,
Savoury morsels are, and choice,
Always best by being few.

THE sunlit foliage of thought,
And happy heart-song, telleth plain
The summer of the soul is brought,
That sighs and tears will close again.

FROM where the river hath its bend,
With more energy it presses :
So where an effort seems to end,
Fresh start is taken to successes.

To give one good example free,
Many a one must copied be.

'Tis something that his spirit shows,
That doth attract us to our friend ;
For love's a flower that only grows
Just where affection's dews descend.

RETURNING health can only build
Its rosy fabric well,
Upon the spirit's sunny side,
Where peace and plenty dwell.

A GOOD name is a golden medal,
Read by admiration, proud ;
But which may tarnish on the bosom,
Or be stolen, if allowed.

ALTHOUGH there's many a proof as near,
No argument is like a tear.

To pry into another's failure,
Save for some good purpose shown,
Proves the number we've forgotten
Of our own.

FOR him who holds his head too high,
Are stumbling stones, that miss his eye.

No opinion of a bigot
Can be ruled or righted ;
'Tis the thing that springs unbidden .
After it is blighted.

THE thought that brightens into truth and love,
Had better be,
Than one which only hath the charm
Of brilliancy.

THE wise retort is silence ever,
Which can have an answer never.

EVERY-DAY annoyances,
Spite of love's quick pruning-knife,
Are the scratches that we get
From the bramble-bush of life.

A FOOL'S denouncement, which doth never end,
Is stamped on all he cannot comprehend.

THE gold-beater can lengthen well
The little gold he takes ;
So many a truth is beaten out,
And but a covering makes.

BOTH true and false and clear to see
Are flowers of amiability :
One in the soil of habit grows,
The other sudden season shows.

THE mind, like the bee, hath a little bower,
And dreams, like the bee, of its favourite flower.

ALTHOUGH the sin can never be denied,
With motives pure the act is purified.

THE man we meet whose pride forbears to nod,
Is part baboon by some design of God.

WE oftener envy with impatient speech
What lies within, not that beyond our reach.

THOUGH we may make our life a flower,
And take it everywhere,
The summer of its joy is passed
Beneath a cloud of care.

PRIDE is a butterfly that lives
In the sunshine of its thought ;
But which never seems to die
When by rough reverses caught.

TEARS mixed with plashing sobs, are sure to be
Drops from the clear wells of sympathy.

'TIS right when we are dutiful ;
And yet we see, by reason's light,
Not always dutiful are we
When we are right.

HE hath some trouble in his crown
Who reads his volume upside down.

DESPAIR, full oft, like mountain mist,
Our happier hopes doth hide ;
Whilst Providence still shineth down
Upon the other side.

NO character is worth a straw
That cannot stand the shocks of those
That fly against it for a flaw,
And, finding not, are keener foes.

WHEN one foot slips from what is true,
The other must be slipping too.

WE oft might hate another less,
To know 'tis he whom many bless.

A SLANDERER'S daughters are, in shame,
Mis-chief, Mis-represent, Mis-name,
Mis-judge, Mis-deed, Mis-charge, Mis-call,
Who, with Mis-lead, Mis-govern all.

THE dangers that are safely passed
Leave no trace upon the mind ;
So carelessness, with fatal strides,
Follows just as close behind.

HE whom suspicion seizes by the throat,
Is oftener measured by, than for his coat.

ONE says more than he thinks,
But seldom knows it :
Another thinks more than he says,
Yet never shows it.

THE rain-drops wash all nature's face
For birdies' ball,
Who hop about with sweeter grace,
And sing withal.

THERE'S many a neck that slips the noose,
Deserving of no better use.

'TIS strength of thought, and virtue's rule,
That should the highest circles fix ;
Wherein to meet, wherein to mix,
Not wealth that drags in knave and fool.

A VOLUME opens where it hath been closed ;
So memory will,
With what the life hath to the end composed
Of good or ill.

BY casting on it its attendant hue,
A lie can change the look of what is true.

THERE'S scarce a hope that passes
But leaves a fear :
The butterflies that greet us
Bring shadows near.

A STONE flung in the seething sea,
Doth show no signal of its fall :
And so reproof is lost to all,
Where temper sets the passions free.

To each small life that in the sunshine flies,
Some *swallow* comes with open mouth and eyes.

THE mind, like some well-formed balloon,
Doth fill before it soars, and soon
Is out of common sight ;
But when in too much haste to go,
It tears away from all below,
To stumble in its flight.

SUSPICION never breathes nor moves,
And never seems to cling ;
And often with the shadow plays
Before it finds the thing.

THE motto stands on life's diviner page :
The wise in youth are satisfied in age.

WHAT we are prone to laugh at most
In those we see,
Is what we do ourselves indulge
In some degree.

EVERY flower its perfume holds
From the sense that surfeits much ;
So a pleasure pleases less
If in reach of constant touch,

NATURE attunes the ear to what may fall,
That noise perpetual seems no noise at all.

SLEEP is the tomb of care,
Where still 'twill lie
Oft, when the morning fair,
Doth wake the eye.

WHO tumbles in the slanderer's pit,
Will ne'er have long to stop :
A clear eye at the bottom sees
Some exit at the top.

AS rain-drops fall into the pool, and find
Its muddy secrets thickly settled there ;
So do sweet words fall in the open mind,
To purify its thought from signs of care.

SHOULD we accomplish in our zeal
What others fail in first,
Our triumph, in its pleasing truth,
Is ne'er by them rehearsed.

WHEN knowledge does not conquer courage, 'twill
Make clear its pathway, and create it still.

TEARS mixed with plashing sobs are sure to be
Drops from the clear wells of sympathy.

A BAD desire is sometimes cured
By gratified desire ;
A burn doth often lose its smart,
By holding to the fire.

'Tis not far our duty ranges,
Yet 'tis governed by the changes
That have been designed ;
So that promises, when broken,
May not always be the token
Of a changing mind.

FOOTSTEPS of a guilty conscience,
E'en the deaf can hear ;
Whilst the sound of small convictions
Wake the deafest ear.

IGNORANCE hath shutters thick,
Closed by blindness all the day ;
And so thickly lined with pride,
That no chink admits a ray.

To keep the ground already won
Oft shows that victory's scarce begun.

WHO'E'ER hath seen a midnight ghost
Is ne'er believed ;
But thought to have his fancy fooled,
His eyes deceived.

WITH cattle browsing on the hills,
Through which do course the gurgling rills,
In happiness resplendent,
And with man's tendency to man,
Let him look up and say, who can,
That he is independent.

'TIS written up in every summer bower—
The laggard bee lights on the ravished flower.

A SECOND insult soon appears
If the first in silence goes ;
But ignorance ne'er opes its ears
Unless 'tis taken by the nose.

BAD men seem better with a good deed done ;
So crows, though black, look brighter in the sun.

BIRDS baulk the dangers that arise,
Turning in haste each way to see ;
But we do often close our eyes,
Whilst ills are felt that need not be.

THE more we know of all the world,
Or of the half,
The less are we inclined to cry,
Or look, or laugh.

LABOUR is lost that hath discretion lack'd ;
A cork is useless with the bottle crack'd.

THE puddle trod in unawares,
Doth leave a muddy mark ;
And few have we the hope to miss,
Whilst walking in the dark.

THE path from trouble, if too long to ken,
Is sure to lead into the same again.

WE gather power from what we feel,
But more from what we know ;
The thought that doth a friend reveal,
Extinguishes a foe.

THE huntsman who brags
Carries empty bags.

THE present oft hath signs for us to see,
That what is hoped or feared is sure to be.

OUR hopes are leaves, from life's low tree,
Kept green with showers,
E'en in the autumn of our lives,
If truth be ours.

THE bantam crowing on the higher wall,
Doth proudly think that he hath conquered all.

THE first false step may soon be righted
If decision be the spur ;
But another may prove fatal
If another should occur.

A FOOL may joke and raise a simple laugh ;
So doth the curious conduct of a calf.

LOVE, when unreciprocated,
Turns to vapour cold and chill ;
Whilst each unrelinquished fancy
Freezes in the changing will.

HOWEVER custom's way controls,
Or doth the boundaries fix,
The gushes of two genial souls
Press through to meet and mix.

EACH man's epitaph is written
On his hearth-stone, where 'twill stand :
'Tis a deep cut, true inscription,
By his own unconscious hand.

DISASTERS blow oft
Where caution contrives ;
And the boat doth sink
Whilst a log survives.

THE world is sharp, and he out-sharped must be
Who dreameth in his goodness to go free.

WITHOUT the *one* that fortune hath allowed,
Man lonely is, though jostled by a crowd.

WHEN kindness passeth o'er a fault,
A greater one it doth commit :
'Tis better when, with prudent words,
In tempered judgment sit.

THE ruby thought, as fresh as it is bright,
Is often bleached in fierce opinion's light.

SUSPICION never leaves until it knows,
And, watching secretly, in secret goes.

How oft like infants we do grasp
What others show ;
Then, changing our uncertain minds,
Do let it go.

No step is certain, be it left or right,
That hath not on it some small ray of light.

THERE'S scarcely a thing
But looks black in the dark ;
And though big, 'tis revealed
By the light of a spark.

THE shortest looks o'er-power the eye, when dim ;
And smallest efforts tire the weakened limb.

THE draught that comes through doors and bars,
Blows the bright flame about the coal ;
So influence, thro' the ears and eyes,
Doth raise the fire-thought in the soul.

THE cracking glass snaps when 'tis lightly prest ;
And a mere word may break the heart distrest.

WHATE'ER the rays that are about it cast,
There's always ice that will dissolve the last.

THE squirrel climbs the highest tree,
Oft ere it can the acorn see ;
And thus it teaches—
That there is many a better prize
Full distant from the longing eyes
That patience reaches.

No taste, degenerate, such perception lacks,
To take for luscious grape what is but wax.

THE poplar thinks the oak hard by
Ill-formed and low ;
The oak-tree thinks the poplar grows
Too high to know.

OUR path may narrow be or wide,
No matter which,
If we can halt or step aside
For poor and rich.

THE lens of truth more startling truth reveals—
Moments pass'd on wings, days on the swiftest wheels.

THE bolt we draw by firm conviction's spell,
May shut out all our foes, our friends as well.

THE kitten springing quick, to hug
The rolling ball upon the rug,
Doth often speed it :
As often we do grasp at much,
That goes the faster for our touch,
When most we need it.

WHO fills the pocket that he first should stitch,
Will shortly reckon that he is not rich.

'Tis only with disasters near,
The thoughtless find out their mistake,
Who, rectifying, often make
More blunders for the mind to fear.

WHO gapes, with stretching arms, ne'er need to tell
That he, whate'er the time, could slumber well.

To make those happy who are ill at ease,
Is the first jôy the good are sure to seize.

FEELING always takes its root
In emotion's sand ;
And is gathered while it springs
By any hand.

WE drag rough loads with body and with mind,
And, like the horse, but seldom look behind.

THE screw, by going round and round,
Doth often hold, where it would fail,
If it went straight, by sudden force,
As doth the nail.

THE coach may be safe with the lamps set right,
For every wheel doth follow the light.

WHO takes without question whatever occurs,
Nor tries to prevent,
Will find that fatality never defers
His punishment.

NOT many are wise,
When we give them a hint :
Not all with cross-eyes
Ever know that they squint.

EVERY burden, small or great,
Carried, seems to gather weight.

HE doth win most, whilst many do admire,
Who triumphs often with concealed desire.

BENEVOLENCE, a stream from heaven,
Doth gurgle thro' life's vales and hills :
And he whose heart unconscious fills,
Hath with it hopes immortal given.

NOT all holds good that we have held or plann'd :
An eel, when dead, can slip from out the hand.

WHO doth a landscape reproduce,
Should such precision seek,
That not a figure could condemn,
Could it look round and speak.

WHO laudeth what he doth not see,
And holds his friend by flattery,
Should always keep in mind—
That whilst he says what is not true,
The one whom he doth say it to
Thinks something is designed.

LITTLE should we begin, on less depend,
If but the truth were known when life would end.

EVEN false hope hath made the heart to ride,
In part successful o'er life's rising tide.

WHAT we hold worthless, and condemn,
Would have more favour in our eyes,
Did we but know who'll follow us,
To take it as a treasured prize.

WHEN the soft pillow has been roughly prest,
The weary head has tried, but failed to rest.

CIRCUMSTANCES nought to look at,
Make something when they join :
The casual scratch may show the brightness
Of the long buried coin.

IDLENESS makes many a care—
Dead weights, that other shoulders bear.

FOILED efforts do not always fail
When there is strength of soul :
The sun shines through the broken pane
As well as if 'twere whole.

MISCHIEF is seldom planned, unless there be
The false offenders lodged somewhere to see.

WHEN rogues and knaves cross swords, 'tisseldom found
That either one hath fallen to the ground.

THE topmost rose upon the tree,
To the bright sun may nearest grow,
But, nearest 'tis to winds that blow,
To blight, or toss it spitefully.

REMINISCENCE is the food
Well picked and choice,
In which the full, recumbent mind,
Doth most rejoice.

WHEN youth dawns on the brow, a new desire
Breaks in the heart, like soft prismatic fire.

THERE'S many a barque would venture forth
On life's uncertain seas,
If but some bellows could be found
To blow the needful breeze.

WATER divides from every broken spout,
And often spills the while 'tis running out.

BEFORE the lie is told 'twere well to see
What profit it will bring, what loss 'twill be.

THE little child, ere its discretion come,
Would yield a sovereign for a sugar-plum.

SEEN at our worst we seem the least,
And oft we many a year go through,
Ere the impression dark or deep
Dies out to memory's view.

CROSS-WRITING often teaches more
Than has been meant,
By telling much about the mind's
Entanglement.

WHO gropes 'mong cinders thoughtlessly, may find
Some hot impression made upon his mind.

THE first impression should control ;
'Twill point the safest way :
It is the signal of the soul,
Oft death to disobey.

THERE'S many a dish that ne'er would be at fault,
If careful fingers dipt into the salt.

HE may do best who meaneth best,
But he may do it first,
Who, with his quick unconscious hands,
Is plotting for the worst.

THE scrap of paper trampled down,
Or hurried by,
Might tell some truth or show some plan,
For all to try.

AS THINGS ARE.

THE rain pours down, my friend, and you
must use

My silk umbrella and my overshoes.

(*Aside*) Farewell, umbrella, overshoes good-night—
Fools lend to rogues ; what follows serves
them right.

YOU ask for sixpence ; will that little do ?
If not enough, the fault will lie with you.

(*Aside*) Should he wish more, I would deny it, flat ;
Sixpence may go, and likewise he with that.

YOUR sentiments are good, sir ; most
sublime—

Some splendid hits at this degenerate time.

(*Aside*) Twaddle twice hatched ; beside not all his
own.

His words go windward, for his mind has
flown.

THE night is dark ; you're timid, as I know ;
'Twill please me much your homeward way
to show.

(*Aside*) Confusion lead him to a tiger's den,
If ever he designs to come again.

YOUR singing's sweet, enchantment's latest
thrill,

With swells like liquid echoes from a rill.

(*Aside*) That's music, sir, and singing, you'll confess
'Tis more like some wild screech-owl in
distress.

How pleased I am your happy face to see ;
Pray come in-doors, sit down, and take
some tea.

(*Aside*) Well, that's enough, good gracious, any way !
Who'd thought to have that squeamish thing
to-day ?

How strong your tea, how rich and good
your cake ;

You have the best of ovens in which to bake.

(*Aside*) Her tea clear water, and her cake undone,
One plum each end, and in the middle, one.

YOUR garden, sir, well planned, is charming still ;

Flowers, fruits, and vegetables raised with skill.

(*Aside*) A weedy plot, on which no sunbeam glows,
And he himself the greenest thing that grows.

FINE boy is yours : how old ? ah, yes !
dear me !

He'll grow up great as surely as can be.

(*Aside*) Spoilt in the lap, a whining, sickly child ;
His head recedes, his eyes are small and wild.

How well you look ! how charming, fresh,
and fair !

'Tis peace of mind, good food, and country
air !

(*Aside*) What sallow cheeks, eyes sunken, and how
lean !

Foul air and famine, sure, where she has
been.

YOUR pictures fine, well chosen, and select ;
A judge he'd be who could a fault
detect.

(*Aside*) Ah, me ! tastes differ, as, perhaps, they
should,
But that man's taste will ne'er be under-
stood.

YOUR house out here is pleasant ; nay, 'tis
this :—

A palace, with foundations laid in bliss.
(*Aside*) Some men, it seems, can live where some
would die,
And call that home, which is at best a
sty.

THAT dog, no doubt, would gain the annual
prize,
Graceful and quick, with such discerning
eyes !

(*Aside*) A ball of hair, none could on me prevail
To show where hangs his head, or where
his tail.

GOOD morning, friend ; sit down, we'll have
. some talk :

Then, arm in arm, enjoy the promised walk.

(*Aside*) Vexatious man, for ever on my track ;
He'll wait in front—I'll creep out at the
back.

A PUBLIC meeting, sir, we hope to share
Your voice and presence in the vacant *chair*.

(*Aside*) Cross-eyed and old, with hoarseness in his
throat,—
He'll buy this honour with a *five-pound note*.

Extracts from Reviews of
"MAXIMS & EPIGRAMS."

With very much pleasure I discover the sweetness and finish of your work.—Dr. NORMAN MACLEOD, late Editor of "Good Words," and Chaplain to Her Majesty. (Notice of a former work.)

I am delighted with your really excellent "Maxims and Epigrams."—REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, Editor of "Our Own Fireside," and Author of the "Way Home," etc. etc.

There is, indeed, plenty of truth in this volume which ought to have been classified as a text-book

THE GR

It cannot be denied that in the flight Mr. Orlando Wright has taken, he soars far beyond most of our native songsters, and has successfully aspired to the honours of Parnassus.—REV. JAS. LESLIE ARMSTRONG, Author of "Story Teller: or, Pictures of Life," etc.

There is a most creditable amount of epigrammatic wit in this volume, which is accompanied with some brilliant antithesis, both being flavoured with a judicious infusion of good sense and smart expression.

THE CHRISTIAN GLOBE.

This volume is one to take up in odd moments. It consists of couplets and short verses, embodying, often not without considerable quaintness and felicity, some maxims of life. The author maintains a fair

average of excellence; and, remembering George Herbert's familiar line,—

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,"—

we do not undervalue this way of conveying stimulus and instruction, and are glad to say a good word for a very useful book.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

Our fellow-townsmen, Mr. Orlando Wright, has again appeared as a disciple of the Tupperian school, in a modest but well got up volume of 120 pages. The "Maxims and Epigrams" fairly bristle with truths, and are within the grasp of human intellect, which is a great deal more than can be said for certain great poets of the present day.

YORKSHIRE GAZETTE.

A man must be able to preserve the brightness of his intellect and the clearness of his understanding to produce such maxims and epigrams as we have now before us. They are replete with wisdom, good taste, experience of life, and refinement. We might cite a hundred examples from the volume to justify our assertion, but we refer our readers to the work itself, satisfied that they will not be disappointed. We have no doubt, indeed, that many of the maxims will pass into national proverbs, and will be quoted hereafter to illustrate many a striking page of romance or story.

YORKSHIRE CHRONICLE.

Quaint, homely, and full of wisdom, these maxims and epigrams deserve to be well known and highly appreciated. The author has done well, and his maxims are wise without being bitter, and genial without being anacreontic.

YORK DAILY HERALD.

Mr. Wright is well-known to many of the readers of this journal, several of his poetical compositions having, some time ago, appeared in our columns. His poems have been published in volume form, and the work now under notice is the second of its kind which he has given to the public. Mr. Wright here gives us a continuation of his musings and maxims on matters of moral philosophy, which he puts in the very pleasant form of metre and rhyme. The book is full of the most wholesome moral teaching throughout, and will bear pondering over and laying to heart. The author has the power of expressing great truths in the happiest and tersest form of words, sometimes poetical, sometimes quaint, yet always practical and full of meaning.

THE SCARBOROUGH GAZETTE.

This book contains, as its title implies, an exceedingly interesting collection of original maxims and epigrams in verse, and are from a gentleman already

well-known to literary fame. The maxims and epigrams embrace almost every conceivable subject, and on that account will be found to be extremely useful for purposes of reference, more especially to the press, and to literary men generally. We anticipate the demand for the book will be commensurate with its literary merits.

THE SCARBOROUGH POST.

Excepting one composition, of which we will speak presently, the contents of this book form a mass of single verses and couplets, each of which conveys some wholesome maxim or moral, which, in truth, may be heartily commended for its excellent character and lively diction. The exception we refer to is entitled, "As things are," and is of a character entirely different to the other contents of the book, the author here giving play to a thoroughly humorous vein, as evidenced by the following verses, which we quote from it.

THE YORKSHIRE POST. .

“Maxims and Epigrams.” Under this title, Mr. Orlando Wright, of York, has issued a collection of original maxims in metre, which have a freshness, a quaintness, and vigour not often met with in these days of verbosity and long-winded sermons. The work is dedicated to the Marquis of Lorne, is well got up, and will most amply repay perusal. Three years ago, Mr. Wright contributed to these columns a number of epigrams, which were very much appreciated for their terseness of style and originality of thought.

THE LEEDS WEEKLY NEWS.

Here is a charming book under the title of “Maxims and Epigrams,” which contains many gems of the first water. They are clothed in language the most flowing and attractive.

LEEDS DAILY EXPRESS.

DELLITTLE, PRINTER, RAILWAY STREET, YORK.



